

# Dwight's Journal of Music.

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## Robert Franz.

(Continued from page 194.)

(Translated for this Journal from the German of A. W. AMBROS.)\*

Among the song poets represented in the works of Franz, the name of Wilhelm Osterwald occurs very often: a friend of his (as may be seen by the dedication of Op. 21), who seems to have written many a poem full of thought and feeling expressly for the composer. But through all these books of songs there breathes the breath of a peculiar melancholy that seizes on the soul, something like the secret sorrow of a noble heart. And this trait must live in the composer's inmost being, with such infinite truth, such utter absence of all conscious purpose and affectation does it express itself. This is not that false sentimentality, which paints itself pale in order to look interesting, and which pulls out its handkerchief drenched with *eau de Cologne* before all the world, to wipe away the tears that will not flow. Moreover, Franz's melancholy has nothing morbid, nothing nervous; it comes out of a healthy soul; significant men, says Aristotle, are commonly of a melancholy temperament.—Upon the dreamy sadness of Chopin's enchanted tone-poems, on the contrary, we look with the same painful sympathy that we regard a maiden in consumption, who for that very reason looks transfigured like an angel. It is in this mood of dreamy sadness, pensive melancholy, that Franz perhaps most nearly coincides with Schumann in his songs. The "Night Song of a Hermit," the "Earliest Green" of Schumann, and others of like character, might be works of Robert Franz; and *vice versa*, much may be found in Franz which might, without injury, be transplanted into the Schumann field. In the most dry and painful manner, perhaps, this melancholy trait expresses itself with Franz in "Des Müden Abendlied" (Evening Song of the Weary One), Op. 26, No. 4. But Franz can also, if not laugh out aloud, at least smile occasionally, and enjoy himself as heartily as an innocent child.

It is characteristic of him, that he is so cheerfully excited, above all things, by May and May's delights, by Spring and rambles in the open air. There are songs of his, from which whole flocks of nightingales and larks come fluttering forth. Where Spring and love and the desire for roaming form a triple alliance with one another, there all is full of blossoms and of sunshine; one can hardly hear the song: "In dem frischen grünen Walde" (In the fresh green wood), Op. 41, No. 4, without feeling something like the breath of the delightful time of May. Very remarkably are the two elements of love's pain and love's delight united in the song: "Unter'm weissen Baume sitzend" (Under the white tree sitting), Op. 40, No. 3. How sullen and ill-humored, how full of wintry frost the beginning! and how warm and lovely it becomes when the blooming tree shakes down its snow shower of blossoms on the singer's head—triplets upon triplets! How charming is the long protracted tone of the conclusion of each melodic period in Op. 23, No. 2 ("Es ist mir wie dem kleinen Waldröglein zu Muth") ("Tis like the little wood bird in my soul"); and on the other hand how hard and biting is the winter frost in the composition of Lenau's "Vor Kälte ist die Luft erstarrt" (The air is stiffened with the cold), Op. 21, No. 5. Along with that zest of Spring Franz always brings it to a brisk and comfortable cheerfulness, as

in the splendid song (Op. 36, No. 6): "Nun hat mein Stecken gute Rust" (Now hath my staff good rest). At the same time Franz knows very well, where it is necessary, how to paint in detail, even to the single verse. There are songs of his, small in compass, but great in matter, in which, if I may so speak, a whole romantic opera is contained in *nuce*. As such I reckon that marvellously thrilling legend-like song (Op. 35, No. 4): "Und wo noch kein Wandrer 'gangen" (And where no wanderer yet has gone). Mendelssohn has composed it too, and excellently. Just take the pains to follow the detail painting in "The Lotus blossom," (Op. 25, No. 1),—a detail painting nowhere trivial: we actually see the "sunken head" of the flower, the evening twilight creeps on, it grows dark (where it descends to B flat), the moon comes up and mounts aloft, the waves glimmer, its image is mirrored in the water (the melody in the middle part), its light magically and powerfully awakens the slumbering flower, it lifts its "pious flower face," it "trembles and weeps for love and love's woe."

Another main feature in the songs of Franz is the tendency to the Volkslied character,—not in that very reflective way, in which songs otherwise artistic often seek to make themselves interesting through the "Volks tone," but in that thoroughly true and unpretentious way peculiar to Franz alone. He does not go to work, on purpose, to write something "Volkslied-like;" he fashions it all finely and artistically, and yet the heart-strengthening fragrance of the Volks song is wafted towards us. Exceedingly charming pieces in the refined Volks tone are the songs: "Lieber Schatz sei wieder gut mir" (Op. 26, No. 2), and "Mein Schatz ist auf der Wanderschaft" (Op. 40, No. 1),—the latter a charming picture of maiden-like defiance. A song which takes more of an artistic direction, without forsaking the Volks tone, is that excellent one: "Die Sonn' ist hin," by Otto Roquette, (Op. 35, No. 3). Mark the wonderful fineness of the rhythm in this song, or the false ending of each strophe in F major, with the rapid turn toward A minor in the final chords. In other songs, like "Zu Strassburg auf der Schanz" (Op. 12, No. 2) the composer abandons himself directly to the tone of the most primitive Volks song. The artistic instinct with which he enters into many a poem taking this direction, is astonishing.

So again in the song (composed to a very good translation of the manuscript): "Ach ihr Wälder, dunkle Wälder, Miltener Wälder" (Op. 40, No. 5), Franz hit the most peculiar tone of the old Bohemian Volkslied in a way that may be called really wonderful, so that the song goes even better with the old original Slavonic text. Hence a poet like Robert Burns, who, without giving up the forms and expressions of artistic poetry, lets the strong ring of the People's poetry resound through his poems, is most particularly welcome to Robert Franz, and actually we meet the name of Burns quite often in his books of songs. It is in keeping with this partiality for the Volks-song, that Franz so often retains the strophe form, whereas our moderns mostly like to "compose through." These songs of Franz at first sight look as if they also were composed through; but if you look nearer, you remark that the second, the third strophe is only the first re-written; and this procedure justifies itself by the fact that the composer in the repetitions sometimes introduces what seem to be very small, but are in fact very essential changes;—one of the most beautiful and striking is in the last stanza of "Die Sonn' ist hin." It is quite astonishing how the same music fits so characteristically the

different text of the single stanzas; for example: "Es hat die Rose sich beklagt," and: "Da hab' ich ihr zum Trost gesagt."

Franz has an extraordinarily fine feeling for seizing as it were the spiritual atmosphere of each song text and giving it a music which, musically taken, has the same atmosphere; of course the song and words must harmonize! His artistic means are often peculiar enough; thus frequently his harmony strays into the domain of the old church tones. At times his music positively ennobles the text. Heine's poem: "Im Rhein, im heiligen Strome" (In the Rhine, in the sacred river), for instance, is a passing fancy, based upon the correct observation, that lovers believe they see everywhere the image of the beloved; and in picture galleries what striking accidental portraits of the fair objects of their devotion look down on them from all the walls! Franz has too much respect before the Cologne Cathedral and its famous picture, to employ any other than the "legend tone" here in his musical narration; so reads the super-description of the song (Op. 18, No. 2). How extremely simple the whole turn of the harmony! Does not the venerable Dom stand bodily before us? The last words: "Die Augen, die Lippen, die Wangen, die gleichen der Liebsten genau," Franz whispers softly and quickly, as it were abashed. With Heine we see the somewhat frivolous traveller, who runs for a moment into the Dom, and by the Dom picture is reminded of nothing but his lady love; with Franz it is the pious pilgrim, with whom devotion and love blend in one pure feeling of the heart.

Where such fine expression is sought and found, of course an important part must fall to the accompanying piano. Otto Gumprecht in his "Musikalische Charakterbilder" calls attention to the deep interior connection of the Schubert Song with the Beethoven Piano Sonata. Something analogous might be found still earlier in the sonatas and songs of Mozart and Haydn, and again later in Mendelssohn. The piano arrangements of Franz and Schumann stand in like manner in the most intimate connection with the newest phase of piano forte playing. "Schumann's songs," said some one, half in earnest, half in joke, "are pianoforte Etudes with the occasional accompaniment of a voice part." That, as I have said, was meant only half in earnest; but look, for example, at Schumann's *Davidbündler* dances, and then at his songs, and say, whether the latter do not almost seem as if a voice part had associated itself with the former, in order to enlighten us about the meaning of those significant musical riddles. These accompaniments are often little tone-poems in themselves. And so too it is with Franz;—and yet his accompaniment is not a thing outwardly attached and fitted to a song; voice and piano form one whole together. Doubly remarkable it may be called, therefore, that sometimes you may strike out the voice part, and there will still be an interesting piece of music left, in which we desire nothing more and nothing miss. This is almost literally true of the song "Die Harrende" (in Op. 35); the piano part alone gives a piano piece, and indeed a very brilliant piano piece, with a singing melody in the middle register. The same holds good of the song: "Willkommen mein Wald" (Op. 21, No. 1), whose piano accompaniment, almost as it stands, might represent a beautiful "song without words."

Franz is not too lavish with his tone-paintings; one of the most charming is the piano part of "Ach, wenn ich doch ein Inmchen wär" (Ah, were I but a

\* "Bunte Blätter: Skizzen und Studien für Freunde der Musik und der bildenden Kunst," von A. W. AMBROS. (Leipzig, 1872. F. E. C. Leuckart).

little bee), op. 3, No. 6. His tone-paintings are modest and discreet, mostly mere allusions. How many others would have roared and thundered in the "Rhine Falls" (op. 44, No. 6), instead of the light, but spirited and striking sketch, by means of a short triplet motive, with which Franz contents himself! In a similar manner he portrays the solemn repose and grandeur of the sea (op. 36, No. 1; op. 39, Nos. 2 and 3); the motion of the waves (op. 9, No. 6; op. 25, No. 6; op. 40, No. 2); the procession of the clouds (Op. 30, No. 6), &c., &c.

That Robert Franz is a musical lyrist, has been already several times declared emphatically (See Essay in the *Deutsche Musikzeitung* above cited); but he is a lyrist in the highest sense of the word, as Uhland, Rückert, &c., are in poetry. Whether for that reason Uhland, Rückert, and the like, do not stand upon the summits of Parnassus, and must be consigned to a lower region until they shall have sung their public to death with epopees of four and twenty cantos, I leave undecided. There have been critics who complained that Franz "had never once attempted larger forms,"\* and sought the explanation in "the weakness of his individuality." So in future we must bring with us a cord measure when we have to judge of paintings, and must lay musical scores, &c., on the decimal scales, that from their physical weight we may draw right conclusions as to their musical merit. But it seems to me, that no one has raised similar objections in the case of the above named German poets, or of the Greeks Pindar, Theocritus, &c.;—that Petrarch is immortal through his sonnets, not his epic "Africa;" that Horace counts among the first of poets, although he has left behind him only Odes and witty *Causeries*, which he calls partly Satires, partly Epistles. Perhaps, however, Robert Franz will some fine day surprise the gentlemen with an Oratorio. At all events he has the necessary counterpoint, knowledge of instrumentation and mastery of greater forms in store for such a task.

(Conclusion next time.)

\* They have had the answer they deserved in a paper by Julius Schäffer: "Two Reviewers of Robert Franz."

### Henry Fothergill Chorley.

[From the Orchestra, Feb. 23.]

On Friday evening last the musical world sustained a shock by the announcement of the death of Mr. Henry F. Chorley, which happened suddenly of heart disease. So unexpected was the fatality which put an end to an honorable and laborious life, that up to within a very few hours of his death, Mr. Chorley carried on his usual literary work, amassing materials for his future publication, and within a week of his decease an article of his appeared in this journal. At that time Mr. Chorley little anticipated—we will not say his death, but even retirement from active work. Though he had professedly withdrawn from his critical career, he was turning his attention to that other department in which also he had made known his name, and contemplated within a short time resuming his pen as a musical historiographer. At the same time we have reason for believing that despite his severance from the *Athenæum*, active labor as a recorder of current life in music was not distasteful to him.

Henry Fothergill Chorley died in his sixty-fourth year. Born at the close of 1808 of a good old Lancashire family, he entered while a boy, the office of Messrs. Rathbone in Liverpool, but found commerce uncongenial, and made his escape from it to enter the ranks of literature. While yet in his teens he arrived in London seeking employment, but having few qualifications beyond his hopes, his diligence, and a smattering of music acquired from Mr. Zengheer Hermann, the conductor at that period of the Liverpool Philharmonic Society. Young Mr. Chorley was not daunted; he strove hard—got at first a little hack work to do, then was admitted from time to time into the periodicals, and at last attracted the notice of the conductors of the *Athenæum* in so far as to secure him a post on that journal. His connection with the *Athenæum* is now a matter of history. For thirty-five years he conducted the musical department of the paper; and the fearless honesty and candor with which he discharged his duties have never at any time been impeached even by those who have impugned his judgment. But in the main his judg-

ment on art-points proved as sound as his conscience; and results justified him. At a time when Gounod vainly sought a hearing in this country, when "Faust" lay unheeded in its dust on a publisher's shelf, Mr. Chorley persistently pleaded the merits of the French composer and his master-piece. So unweary was this advocacy, that at last those interested in the discovery of a new mine in opera resolved to give the Frenchman a trial: the result was a magnificent success, and the town soon went mad on the airs in "Faust." To Mr. Chorley we are also indebted for the discovery of Mr. Arthur Sullivan, a musician who has in these recent times justified the confidence of his Mentor. The young and aspiring beginner, in fact, might always rely on Mr. Chorley's encouraging word and good advice: at the same time neither court nor flattery secured from him an insincere support. Mr. Chorley was above fear and favor—a warm advocate of what he really held to be the true, a bitter opponent of what he deemed the false in art. Of the several abuses of our musical system he was an uncompromising foe: with cliques and coteries he would have nothing to do, nor did he allow the amenities of life to override his personal regard for truth. He had certain crotchets—as all men have who possess deep convictions and are honest in the expression of them; and he was, for a man who resolutely held his own, curiously sensitive toward the opinions of others. But, we take it, this susceptibility was rather a fear of losing the public regard than a dread of individual censure, and arose from a scrupulous anxiety not to be misunderstood.

To Mr. Chorley's published works we need only make reference: they are in every musical reader's mind at the mention of "Modern German Music," "Modern Operas," and "Thirty Years' Musical Recollections." His librettos (albeit at one time the subject of fierce ridicule in *Punch*) exhibit scholarship and grace, and certainly a greater share of poetical expression than usually falls to writing of this class. Take in evidence the song in the "Amber Witch," the book which he wrote for Wallace's music.

When the elves at dawn do pass,  
Leaving pearls along the grass,  
And a drowsy light is creeping o'er the sea,  
When the blushes of the east  
Tell that weary night hath ceased,  
And the cheering day come back for you and me;  
When the stars are growing dim,  
And the birds begin their hymn,  
And the new-born flow'rs are drinking from the air,  
I cannot choose but sing,  
How delightful is the spring,  
And the early morning hour how very fair.

There is glory in July,  
When the burning sun on high  
Makes the roses red as goblets full of wine.  
There is wealth in Autumn sheaves,  
And the golden vineyard leaves,  
When the moon doth like a shield of silver shine.  
But their beauties more agree,  
With mature ones than with me,  
Who have never known a sorrow or a care;  
And I cannot choose but sing,  
I love better far the Spring  
With its early morning hour so very fair.

The graceful vivacity of the foregoing is on a level with the tenderness of the poetic idea. As much may be said of the other librettos of Mr. Chorley—the "May Queen," set by Sir Sterndale Bennett, the "St. Cecilia," set by Sir Julius Benedict, the "Kenilworth" and "Sapphire Necklace," written for Mr. Sullivan, and the "Faust," translated from, and fitted to the music of, the French score. This most profitless and worrying task, enough to starve and annihilate all fancy and poetic sensibility in him who undertakes it—was carried out by Mr. Chorley as well as it could be done. His songs, which are numerous, all show a certain culture and refinement; in the case of translations they are remarkable rather for original treatment than fidelity. Thus the English version of the "Berceuse," by Gounod, is Chorley's rather than Hugo's; and the "Nazareth" also (in which he is again fettered by the exigencies of French music) is Chorley's altogether; the French poet being wholly flung aside.

The task of the writer of "words" for music, whether single songs or elaborate libretti, is, as far as regards public recognition, a most unthankful one. The composer, as a rule, monopolizes all the credit. Musical criticism and musical "recollections" have little influence in making a name even in musical

society so called. As far as such a reputation can be earned, it has been done by Mr. Chorley; and deservedly so; for in addition to his natural and acquired qualifications, and to his constant rectitude, he threw all his energy into the work of the hour; whatever he did he did with all his might.

### Sir Sterndale Bennett's Career.

[From Musical Recollections of the Last Half Century, in Tinsley's Magazine.]

The career of this eminent musical composer, like that of many others of his countrymen in science, art, and commerce, was of a chequered character. Born in 1816, at Sheffield in Yorkshire, he had the misfortune to lose not only his father—Robert Bennett, a musician of more than average ability, and the organist of the parish church of that town—but his mother also, at so early an age that he has scarcely any recollections of them. Not very long after this severe loss—indeed, whilst he was only three years old—he was taken charge of by his grandfather, John Bennett, who held the appointment of vicar choral, or lay clerk, in King's College, Cambridge. Having discerned the dawning of musical genius in his interesting protégé, and with a view to make the acquirement of musical theory and practice a means for the future livelihood of the somewhat precocious boy, John Bennett entered him as a chorister of his own college when he had reached his eighth year, the age at which boys are usually admitted into cathedral and collegiate choirs—those nurseries of musical, as they ought also to be, agreeably to the statutes of founders and benefactors, but which they now are not, of classical education. Here William Sterndale Bennett's progress was so rapid, and his talent so obvious, that he attracted the attention of the Rev. W. P. Hamilton, a member of Peter House, and speedily secured his patronage. This gentleman, being persuaded that the gifted chorister of King's could have no chance of rising to future eminence if he remained merely as a singing-boy in the choir of that college, neglected as to his musical no less than as to his ordinary education, made interest with the authorities of the Royal Academy of Music, then but recently established in Hanover Square, London, who admitted him into that institution at the earliest moment its rules permitted—ten years of age—and forthwith took charge of his studies. In entering this musical seminary it is customary for a pupil to make choice of the instrument which he purposes to adopt as his speciality in after-life. This choice, however, not precluding the possibility of change at some future time, William Sterndale Bennett, after a short time, gave up the violin as his instrument, and finally abandoned it for the pianoforte. The usefulness of his first selection was, however, of considerable service to him in the prosecution of his studies, since it not only gave him a greater insight into the means of writing for stringed instruments, but enabled him, by the correct judgment of the ear, to decide at once as to the key-note of any chord, and even of any single note, which might be struck. This peculiarity is indeed possessed by violin players in a much more accurate degree than by those of any other instrument; and it needs no elaborate proof to indicate how highly important and advantageous the acquirement of such a faculty must be to any musician who makes composition his study and pursuit.

The violin having been discarded for the pianoforte, William Sterndale Bennett now assiduously applied himself to obtain a mastery of the mechanical difficulties of the latter instrument. No sooner had the crude system of musical notation and the strict rules of harmony been mastered, than William Sterndale Bennett turned his attention to composition, and produced, as one of the first specimens of his talent, that which was afterwards to give him more perhaps of a continental than of a native renown—a symphony written upon the models of Haydn and Mozart. This symphony was much admired, not only for the freshness of its phrases, but on account of the cleverness of the instrumentation by which every motive was colored. The fertility of William Sterndale Bennett's musical invention, whilst under Mr. Charles Lucas's tuition, was considerable. He was incessantly at work, and produced in rapid succession a series of fugues, as well as an overture to the "Tempest," which indicated unquestionable talent and the largest promise.

In the year 1836, after he had left the Royal Academy of Music, having published several of his early compositions, William Sterndale Bennett had the good fortune to make the acquaintance and win the esteem and regard of Mendelssohn. By the invitation, and at the earnest entreaty, of that great and accomplished maestro, he was induced to visit Germany and take up his residence at Leipzig, where several of his works, particularly his overtures the "Naiads" and "Waldynymph"—written after he had left Eng-



land—and his pianoforte concerto in C minor, were performed at the celebrated Gewandhaus Concerts, under Mendelssohn's own personal direction. So great is its popularity, that the former of these compositions is constantly played at Leipzig, no less than in every other town of Germany where purely classical music is cultivated; indeed, no "scheme" of thoroughly acknowledged merit or character is ever drawn for the best German instrumental concerts without the "*Naiades*" overture forming one of its chief features. In spite of the promise indicated by his compositions, and the assurance of success if he could but enjoy the benefits of continental experience, the world had hitherto not smiled very benignly upon the rising professor. His published compositions were much too classical to command a rapid sale, and but for the liberality of Messrs. Broadwood and Sons, the renowned pianoforte makers, it is doubtful if the youthful aspirant could have even accepted the patronage of Mendelssohn. They, however, stepped in to his assistance, and sent him on his way, with such encouragement as only delicacy of feeling and kindness of heart can proffer. They had confidence both in the integrity and the talent of William Sterndale Bennett, and they have not been disappointed in him, either as a man or as a musician.

Whilst residing in Germany, where he remained during the years 1837 and 1838, William Sterndale Bennett often played in public at the Gewandhaus Concerts—his own concerto in C minor most frequently—and also brought out several of the overtures he had previously written, but not published in England, all of which, especially the "*Naiades*," as has been mentioned, being most favorably received. At the end of two years—years of intense application and study—he returned to London, where he established himself, and at once obtained the highest reputation as a composer, a pianist, and a teacher of music. At this time he had the good fortune to make the acquaintance and win the affections of Miss Wood—the daughter of Captain Wood, an officer in the Royal Navy, who resided at Southampton—herself an accomplished pianist from having had the advantage of being instructed by Mrs. Anderson. A few years after William Sterndale Bennett's return to London he married this lady, with whom he lived in the most perfect harmony and affection of married life until the year 1866, when after several months of severe affliction, she died, to the almost insupportable grief of her husband and three children—two sons and a daughter—who survive her. Whilst paying his addresses to this lady, he wrote an overture—amongst the most facile and elegant of his several orchestral preludes—now well known from being annexed to his popular cantata, the "*May Queen*," composed expressly for the Musical Festival at Leeds in 1858, which he himself conducted. This overture, to which he had at first given the title "*Marie-le-Bois*," had not been previously published. Soon after his return from Germany, and his establishment in London, William Sterndale Bennett brought out his overtures, the "*Naiades*" and "*Wood Nymphs*," better known at Leipzig by its German title, "*Wald-nymphen*," and afterwards that which he had entitled "*Parisina*," previously to his leaving England. These orchestral preludes contain many elegant and original specimens of part-writing, and fully confirm Mendelssohn's judgment respecting their merit. After producing these compositions, he gave his attention almost exclusively to tuition, and has rarely devoted himself to the higher department of his profession, except when any special occasion has called for the exercise of his powers.

Of late years, with the exception of the cantatas written to order—the "*May Queen*" for Leeds; that for the opening of the great International Exhibition of 1862; the fantasia-overture, "*Paradise and the Peri*," for the Jubilee Concert of the Philharmonic Society; and his Ode for the installation of the Duke of Devonshire as Chancellor of the University of Cambridge—the last three works all thrown off in 1862—William Sterndale Bennett has published nothing of note; neither has he prepared any other works upon the theory and study of music than his *Classical Practice for the Pianoforte*, which appeared in 1841, and a *Discourse upon Harmony*, which followed in 1849. Truly, therefore, may every lover of music endorse the following remarks, recently made respecting him by another eminent musical professor, Herr Ernst Pauer: "For myself, I must be permitted to express my regret that this accomplished master now writes so little, and leaves an expectant public without fresh publications. Has the minstrel hung up his lyre forever? It is hoped not." At the installation of the Marquis of Salisbury as Chancellor of the University of Oxford, and successor to the late Earl of Derby, during the Commemoration (June 22d) of 1870, the degree of D. C. L. was conferred on William Sterndale Bennett, *honoris causa*; and at

the close of last year the honor of knighthood was granted him by her most gracious Majesty, at the same time that the like distinction was awarded to Julius Benedict.

### Karl Klausner.

MUSICAL SKETCH BY LEOPOLD DAMROSCH.

[Our older readers must have noticed in these columns, once or twice each year, almost from the beginning of our paper, short reports and programmes, very classical, of concerts given at a Young Ladies' School in Farmington, Connecticut, under the direction of an earnest, sterling teacher, who all this time seems to have been more fond of solid good work in a corner than of the notoriety which musical men vastly his inferiors strive to achieve by advertising rather than by worth. Most of the newspapers,—not to speak of all the rabble of mere advertising so-called musical journals which have sprung up within a few years, mostly in the interest of what is low and therefore jealous of the good name of honest Art—have sided so instinctively for some time with the latter type, that it is refreshing to meet now and then in one of them some hearty praise of unambitious merit. Such we find in a late number of the New York *Belletristisches Journal*; we are only sorry that we have to go outside of the English language for it. But we deem it worth the trouble of translating; let our readers judge whether it is not at least better reading than the "Jubilee Notes" which fill every newspaper, morning and evening, *ad nauseam*.]

In one of the broad and lovely valleys of Connecticut, picturesquely encompassed far and wide by mountain chains, lies the little rural town of Farmington, remote from the bustle of the world, stretching away in sweet contemplative repose. It seems a place made to bring healing to souls suffering and shaken by the storms of life; but equally well fitted for the silent preparation of young minds for active life hereafter. And in fact the latter constitutes today the chief importance of Farmington, since Miss SARAH PORTER\* has founded there her educational institute for young ladies and made it one of the most distinguished in the land. Miss Porter is one of the noblest, most ideal female natures who have ever taken upon themselves the hard duties of educating the young. Averse to all mere show, always going to the heart of the matter, and gifted with tough energy of character, she has been ever conscious of the high and serious import of her task, and may now, after five and twenty years of strenuous labor, look back with pride and satisfaction on the results which she has realized. Her school, far from being a mere parade establishment, in which the "fashionable" arts and sciences are done up in the fashionable manner, and the mind made susceptible to all sorts of worldly nonsense, is much more a true home, a place of culture, rich in blessings, for the young maidens who have the good fortune to be received into it. What contributed above all to the elevation of the institution was the conscientious circumspection with which Miss Porter went to work in the selection of teachers. Thus, twenty years ago, when musical instruction was first undertaken in her school, she applied first to the celebrated Professor Marx in Berlin; then, when the negotiations with him fell through, to the then president of the Philharmonic Society in New York, Henry Timm, whose achievements as a teacher are famous through the land. In a lucky hour Timm made known the application to his friend and pupil KLAUSER, and through his mediation the right man came to the right place.

Karl Klausner, born in 1823 in St. Petersburg, after his parents had emigrated from German Switzerland to Russia, early showed a pronounced inclination for music; but his father had destined him for the business of a bookseller, and for that he had to prepare himself. In this calling he passed through his years of apprenticeship and travel, not without feeling deep scruples at having to be unfaithful to his beloved Music, until the year 1848 came, and cut this knot, as well as many more important ones. Klausner bade adieu forever to the book trade, and now threw himself with all zeal into musical studies, to regain the

calling for which the inmost bias of his nature had designed him from the first. In 1850 he emigrated to the United States and lived for five years in New York, then a sort of musical wilderness, in which many a clever musician, to escape utter misery, was obliged to march in military bands and beat the cymbals, or seek his bread with blackened face among the Negro Minstrels. Klausner, with his small means and fine musical instincts, had also a hard fight of it in New York; so that the engagement to work under such favorable auspices in Farmington must have seemed a true redemption to him. He went there in 1855, and found in the excellent head of the institution such appreciative support in all his earnest efforts, that the most favorable results were swift to show themselves.

Klausner had early learned to see that, to work successfully for Art in America, one must proceed not from above downward, but through thorough pedagogical instruction from below upward. Art as such was little cherished in the land at that time; jingling virtuosity and humbug did their best to ruin a half cultivated taste entirely; and amongst teaching musicians there were only a few who had the courage and capacity to go to work to purify and to reform. Then it was that Klausner entered upon his highly responsible place with a determination, which can never be enough appreciated, to labor for the true interests of Art, setting an honorable example to his colleagues. The aim he sought was not to turn out jinglers on the piano. He wished above all to work upon the taste and help to form, what was most needed,—a musical public. To this end he selected the matter of his teaching with the greatest conscientiousness, using the classical music of the great German masters as the best basis for the musical culture of his pupils. But not content with that, he enriched the current editions of many compositions with a fulness of instructive additions, which infinitely increased their value for instruction. Many a corrupt text in the old editions was critically rectified; countless little errors, handed down like a hereditary disease in all the older editions, were weeded out; old violin bow marks were changed into pianoforte *legatos*; triplets and sextoles made obvious to the eye; the execution of certain passages facilitated by division between the two hands, &c. Moreover the fingering was carefully marked according to the modern principles, established by Liszt and Bülow (especially in the latter's edition of Cramer's studies); so too the execution of the *appoggiature*, *mordenti*, and other embellishments, for which the signs formerly in use gave no sure guidance to the scholar, were exactly indicated; in short, whatever could be done in this direction to render pianoforte instruction really fruitful, was done with judgment and with conscientiousness by Klausner. These works grew so in number and importance, that the publishing firm of J. Schubert & Co. exerted themselves to get them, and have published, one after another, nearly a thousand piano compositions in the critically revised editions of Klausner. The catalogue of these Klausner editions, recently issued, embraces a selection of the most useful works for instruction of Beethoven, Mozart, Weber, Field, Chopin, Mendelssohn, Schumann, and others; moreover three collections of instructive piano compositions containing principally pleasing pieces for performance, together with more solid, such as Kuhlau and Moscheles; pieces by Ascher, Herz, Stephen Heller, Jaell, and many others, so far as they contain a useful kernel of technique—finally a collection of Studies in the most progressive order possible, from Plaidy's and Schmitt's five-finger exercises to the Cramer Etudes.

Every single one of these volumes speaks for the exceptional capacity which Klausner has brought to his labor. But were we called upon to designate some editions which appear to us the most successful, we would name: those of Beethoven, op. 2, No. 2, op. 31, No. 3; Chopin: *Mazurkas*, op. 6 and 7, *Bal-*

\* A sister of the new President of Yale College.—Tn.

laden, op. 23 and 47, *Tarantelle*, op. 43; Field: *Nocturnes*, Nos. 11, 14, 15; various Songs without Words by Mendelssohn; some editions of Heller, Henselt and Liszt; as well as Studies by Plaidy, Czerny (op. 740, No. 2), A. Schmitt, (op. 16), and many more too numerous to mention. Many of these editions belong to the best so far existing, and may claim the further honor of priority. Thus for example the editions by Kroll and Lebert did not appear until those by Klauser were three quarters published.

Klauser has also made himself serviceable by arrangements of orchestral and chamber music for the piano. Thus we have from him (mostly published by Breitkopf and Härtel and by Schubert & Co.): "A Faust Overture" by Wagner, and Schumann's "Genoveva" Overture, for eight hands; Schumann's "Davidsbündler" and "Etudes Symphoniques" for 4 hands; Schumann's Quartets, first Symphony (B flat), Romance and Scherzo from the fourth (in D minor), and Liszt's "Preludes" for 2 hands,—all excellent arrangements, convenient for execution, to which the whole musical world, including some of the coryphæi thereof, like Liszt, have paid the tribute of acknowledgment.

Admire the industry of this musician, who, burdened with ten hours of lesson giving every day, has still freshness and elasticity enough left to bear all the mental application which these other occupations claim! Think of the incessant striving of this man, who still knows how to find more hours for study of the most various scores of ancient and of modern time, for the reading of all that is worth reading of the current literature of music, especially for all that is calculated to keep the solitary dweller there in Farmington in contact with the intellectual movements of the present day!

To the special services which Klauser has rendered to the school at Farmington, and we may say to the musical culture of North America in general, belong the concerts which he has established, occurring three or four times yearly in the rooms of the institution, for which the audience is composed almost exclusively of the teachers and pupils of the school. We will resist the temptation to speak of the charming aspect of this youthful circle of listeners, of the fresh Spring-like impression which the tender buds of maidenhood in the florally decorated parlors make on the invited artists. But if one would know what sterling concert programmes are, programmes of the purest artistic tendency, of the severest choice among the good and best, he has only to study those of the Farmingtonian soirées and matinées. They would be an ornament to any concert room in the world, and satisfy the selectest circle of listeners. There above all are represented the masters of the classic time, like Haydn, Mozart, Beethoven, Cherubini, but without any one-sided exclusiveness. Side by side with them stand Mendelssohn, Schubert, Schumann, also Berlioz and Liszt, and others. The staple of these concerts is composed of Sonatas, Trios and Quartets, to which are added instrumental and vocal solos—always avoiding all sweetish Italian and frivolous French sing-song. For the execution of this music the best talents in the land have been enlisted; for instance Thomas, Mosenthal, Matzka, Bergner, Bergmann, Kopta, Dr. Damrosch, Mills, Mason, Dreel, von Inten, Parker, the Mendelssohn Quintette Club of Boston, Miss Mehlig, Miss Krebs, Mme. Damrosch, and others, have taken part, some of them often, in these concerts.

And now observe the earnestness, the devotion, with which this music, costing such a strain on mind and feeling, is listened to (one might say, learned through listening) by the fair young audience, the unaffected joy and excitement beaming in their faces; and you must admit that nowhere can the musician go with more zeal and devotion to his work, than in the artistic atmosphere of these music rooms of Farmington, where the great object is to fill young, unsophisticated, deeply susceptible souls with the poetry, the

magic of genuine Art works. And, on the other hand, how significant, how lasting must be the effects of these most immediate and most penetrating music lessons on the development of the young maidens! When they go back into their family circles after several years study in Farmington, or when they establish later their own domestic hearth, then their imagination, which has been accustomed only to the pure and noble, will turn constantly toward the good; their judgment will have gained sure standpoints; and to these hearers will the good musician have to turn, who has it earnestly at heart to do his Art some really fruitful service, rather than to earn cheap laurels by common ear tickling virtuosity. Only by such uninterrupted efforts, as these of Klauser, can a great and truly musical public ever grow up in America. Therefore honor to the man who, one of the first, has set out upon his artistic mission with earnestness and decision, and who now, after some seventeen years of toil, has already been able to send out more than 600 young apostles of his musical faith into all parts of North America!

The example of Klauser has not remained without imitation. Little colonies, budding onward in the same spirit, now exist in Springfield, Albany and some other places. May a good spirit spread them over all the land!

And now, before we close this sketch, let the friendly reader accompany us into the almost new and charmingly situated house of Klauser, and cast a glance into the family circle which surrounds the modest and industrious man. A brave-hearted, amiable wife, born in Switzerland, and seven children diffuse peace and gladness through the house, each carefully striving to make the life as pleasant as possible. Occupations in the garden, woods and field vary the daily household works and studies; and one of the particular passions of the active master of the house is angling for fishes in the fine Summer days. But when Klauser goes a fishing, always something besides comes out of it; for on the bank of the brook, beside the fisher, lies some kind of a musical work; and many of his excellent editions, many of his arrangements owe their origin to these still hours of seclusion!

### The Ninth Symphony Concert.

[From the Boston Daily Advertiser.]

A most enjoyable concert was yesterday's. Each one of the numbers on the programme was good, three out of the four compositions of the first rank, the execution excellent, and the arrangement harmonious. The principal share of work fell to the orchestra, which acquitted itself excellently under Mr. Zerrahn's careful and intelligent leadership, and in point of elegance, honest and efficient playing it compares favorably with any in the land. The most important work on the programme was the last one, Schumann's second symphony, in C major. We cannot enter here on a critical discussion of the merits of this work. But we may mention a few points in it. And first let us say that this is "music of the future" which we admire. In a criticism which Moscheles wrote in 1836, on one of Schumann's piano sonatas, the old master, though half doubting their success, speaks of a new school of musicians. Among them he mentioned Liszt and Schumann. He calls it the romantic school, and states it as a peculiarity of Schumann that he avoids the modulations of the old school. Now the music of the future, as Schumann himself calls it, fully conscious of his aims, intends to avoid just those old turns and phrases which the imitators of Mozart and Haydn had repeated *ad nauseam*. New forms in melody and harmony, new musical ideas, originality, became the watchwords of the new school. Schumann succeeded to wed his new ideas, his new harmonic and melodic forms with beauty and fitness, as this symphony proves. A second point, which seems worthy of mention, is the closeness of the form and the general polyphonic treatment of the themes. Indeed the Scherzo and the last movement, the "*Allegro molto vivace*," are so full of contrapuntal work, that it is a rare joy to notice the strength and solidity of the musical structure. Of the grandeur, the beauty, the glorious strength, the sweetness of motives, it would be useless to speak; that was felt by every musical person present. Nor need we men-

tion the wondrous instrumentation; that also was felt in the joy it gave. The moodiness of the first movement the author himself ascribes to the resistance of his mind, when conceiving it, to the bodily illness which he had scarcely shaken off. The three other movements pleasantly relieved it. And the work in its totality will forever remain one of the most momentous in all musical literature. The piano concerto in A-minor was written at about the same time with the symphony. It is likewise a work of the highest rank. The composer, deviating from the usual manner of writing concertos for a solo instrument, gave quite as much work to the orchestra as to the piano. And yesterday the orchestra and Mr. Leonhard both did their best to perform the work in the highest style of art. We can hardly add any praise of Mr. Leonhard to what we said of his playing in the fourth symphony concert. With him we are always sure of hearing the intentions of the composers fully, most clearly and artistically expressed. If we might use an expression not strictly musical, we should say his declamation is faultless.

The "Athalie" overture by Mendelssohn is too well known to need comment. It was performed in former years, as early as the time of the Germanians. Its solemn choruses and plaintive melodies were most impressively and satisfactorily rendered by the orchestra. The novelty, Taubert's overture to the Arabian Nights' Tales, is a good and quite spirited work. The motives are characteristic, the fantastic sing song of the Arabian fairy tale is easily discernable, and whatever else the composer intended to tell us of Scheherazade and of her threatening fate is intelligibly expressed. The instrumentation seems unnecessarily thin in some places. Still it is a good work, and will bear repetition.

## Musical Correspondence.

(Too late for last time.)

NEW YORK, MARCH 1.—The Grand Opera House, one of the most beautiful and commodious theatres in the city, was lately the scene of a somewhat difficult enterprise, which was undertaken by the MULDER FABBRI Troupe, lately of the Stadt Theatre. This company actually gave eight representations during the week ending February 24, [six evenings and two matinées] with a change of opera every evening. The list included "The Merry Wives of Windsor," [twice], "Ivanhoe," "Martha," "L'Africaine," "Der Freyschütz," [twice], and "Don Juan." This week they gave us three representations, as follows: "L'Africaine," "Der Freischütz," and "Il Trovatore." Mme. Inez Fabbri, Mlle. Anna Rosetti, and Mlle. Anna Elzer were the sopranos. Mme. Fabbri's voice is somewhat worn, but she acquitted herself creditably and made a good impression, particularly as *L'Africaine*. Mlle. Elzer is very young, (only fourteen I believe), but she is already a remarkable singer, though she needs more culture and study to develop her voice. Mr. Muller has a very pleasant baritone, which he used to advantage; and Carl Formes is inimitable as an actor, though hardly a trace remains of his once magnificent voice. As any attempt to produce good music is worthy of some respect and charity, I will refrain from any remarks respecting the tenor and the chorus, although they had no respect for our racked and tortured nerves.

I inclose programmes of two Piano-forte Soirées given by Mr. RICHARD HOFFMAN at Chickering's Rooms.

Saturday, Jan. 27.

Second Trio, (Allegro energico, Andante, Scherzo, Finale.) Op. 66. . . . . Mendelssohn.  
Mr. J. Burke, Mr. F. Bergner, and Mr. Hoffman.  
"Im Walde." Op. 86, No. 8. . . . . S. Heller.  
Introduction and Tarantella. . . . . K. Hoffman.  
Mr. Hoffman.

Sonata in A, (Allegro molto, Andante, Presto), No. 2. . . . . Mozart.  
Mr. Burke and Mr. Hoffman.

Ballade. Op. 23. . . . . Chopin.  
Mr. Hoffman.

Solo. Reverie. . . . . Bergner.

Selections from the "Pensées Fugitives." (by request.) . . . . . Bergner.

Mr. Burke and Mr. Hoffman.

"Pastorella and "The Banjo." . . . . Gottschalk.  
Mr. Hoffman.

Saturday, Feb. 24.

Trio. Op. 26. [Andante con Moto, Serenade, Finale. . . . . Sir W. Sterndale Bennett.

Mr. J. Burke, Mr. F. Bergner, and Mr. Hoffman.



Clavier Stücke.....F. Schubert.  
Valse in A flat.....Chopin.  
Grande Sonate. Op. 69. [Alto, Scherzo and Finale].  
Beethoven.

Mr. Bergner and Mr. Hoffman.

First Prelude. Arranged by Gounod.....S. Bach.  
Mr. Burke, Mr. Bergner, and Mr. Hoffman.  
Song without Words. Book 3, No. 6.....Mendelssohn.  
Polonaise. Op. 14.....E. Lubeck.  
Mr. Hoffman.  
Reverie. Solo Violin.....Vieuxtemps.  
Mr. Burke.  
Caprice. "Rigoletto".....R. Hoffman.  
Mr. Hoffman.

The reputation which Mr. Hoffman holds here as an artist and composer, is enough to secure the success of these soirées, which are the most brilliant and recherché of gatherings, besides being of great interest musically. The next soirée is announced for March 23.

At the last MILLS and SARASATE matinée, Saturday, Feb. 24, the programme contained "in deference to generally expressed desire, several numbers of a more popular character than heretofore": i.e., Mr. Mills's "Fairy Fingers" and "Mazourka;" Tausig's "Caprice Waltz"; and Gounod's "Hymn to St. Cecilia" (substituted for a Duo from "Oberon"). Beethoven's Trio in E flat, and a Waltz and Romance by Chopin (encore) were the main features of interest. A. A. C.

NEW YORK, MARCH 9.—The week just ending is one of unusual interest to music-lovers, and the numerous matters which deserve mention are hardly to be justly treated within the limit of a single letter. Therefore I can send only a few musical notes upon subjects many of which deserve exhaustive analysis and criticism.

Beginning with the fourth Philharmonic Concert on Saturday evening, March 2, I send the programme, which was as follows:

Symphony, No. 2, in E minor.....F. L. Ritter.  
Aria from "Iphigénie en Aulide".....Gluck.  
Mr. Franz Remmert.  
Concerto for the Piano in A minor.....Schumann.  
Miss Anna Mehlig.  
Overture, "Coriolanus".....Beethoven.  
Aria from "Jean de Paris".....Boieldieu.  
Mr. Franz Remmert.  
Symphonic Poem, "Les Preludes".....Liszt.

The performance of a Symphony the composer of which is still living, and which (still worse) was written in America, has spread consternation into the ranks of our conservative critics, and most of the papers (The Tribune notably excepted) have adopted indiscriminate condemnation as the safest course. With the indistinct impression left by a single hearing, it seems to me that the work is worthy of the occasion on which it was produced, and that further acquaintance with the score would reveal much that is not at first apparent. The work, without being vulgarly "descriptive," is supposed to be the musical embodiment of Byron's "Sardanapalus," each movement being illustrative of some portion of that poem. It opens with an Allegro (E minor), graceful and sensuous at first, but ending in a long wailing note which leads to the Scherzo Allegretto (E major), a charming movement somewhat Mendelssohnian in character. Then a pause, the only break in the Symphony, followed by a beautiful Andante (Myrrha's soliloquy), in which the influence of Beethoven is perceptible. From this we are led by an ingenious modulation to the final Allegro (E minor) denoting the catastrophe of the poem. The work seems to be written in an earnest and scholarly spirit, with a conscientious disregard for those tricks which please the fancy of superficial listeners, and, if the work does not awaken enthusiasm, it must at least add to the high reputation the composer has already earned by his Symphony, No. 1.

Schumann's A-minor Concerto was rendered by Miss Mehlig in the best manner, and was received with much applause. The Orchestra, both in the Symphony and the Overture to *Coriolanus*, was almost unexceptionable. At no time during the season have they played so well. In Liszt's "Preludes," however, the performance was rather unsatisfactory.

Messrs. DAMROSCH and PRUCKNER gave their fourth soirée at Steinway's Rooms on Monday evening, March 4, with the following programme:

Trio. G. Op. 1, No. 2 For Piano, Violin and 'Cello.  
Beethoven.  
Messrs. Pruckner, Damrosch and Bergner.  
Songs: a. "My Song is like the Evening Air."  
b. "The Warrior's Death".....F. L. Ritter.  
Mr. W. C. Baird.  
Piano Solos: a. "Spinnerlied," from "The Flying Dutchman," Wagner.....Liszt.  
b. "The Erl King," by Schubert.  
Mr. Dionys Pruckner.  
Song. "Nazareth".....Gounod.  
Mr. W. C. Baird.  
Elegie for Violin.....Ernst.  
Dr. Damrosch.  
Quartet in D minor. For two Violins, Viola and 'Cello.  
Allegro, Andante con Variazioni, Scherzo, Presto.  
Messrs. Damrosch, Matak, Schuessel and Bergner.

"Mignon" claimed my attention that evening, but I remained long enough to hear the Beethoven Trio, and felt richly repaid for so doing. The three players entered well into the spirit of the work; and that they understand each other thoroughly was evidently—particularly in the *Largo*, where the piano, violin and 'cello hold strange converse—like three mysterious spirits. Here the instruments were nicely balanced and the performance of this passage, with the charming Scherzo which follows, and indeed of the whole Trio, was very satisfactory.

Miss ANNA MEHLIG announces a series of three pianoforte matinées at Steinway's. The first took place March 6th. Beethoven's great "Sonata Appassionata" led the programme, and was rendered with indescribable grace and poetic fire. The attendance at this matinée was so large that the smaller hall could not accommodate the audience, and the two remaining matinées are to be given in the large hall.

The NILSSON OPERA, which began on Monday, bids fair to eclipse even the last season, and I am informed that the receipts for the four representations this week amount to more than \$19,000. The Operas were *Mignon*, *Martha*, *Trovatore* and *Faust*. In my next letter I will give a brief review of the season. A. A. C.

ELBING, (EASTERN PRUSSIA) FEB. 18.—A very large and fashionable audience were assembled a few nights ago in the spacious Concert Hall of the Philharmonic Society, to listen to the beautiful rendering of the following programme by Dr. Hans von Bülow:

Hummel: Grand Fantasia, Op. 18, Eb.  
Introduction, Allegro, Adagio, Finale.  
Mendelssohn:  
a. Prelude and Fugue, Op. 35, No. 1, E min.  
b. Characteristic Pieces from Op. 7.  
Beethoven:  
a. Adagio and Variations, Op. 34.  
b. Rondo Capriccioso, Op. 129 (ouv. posth.).  
Chopin:  
a. 2 Notturmos, Op. 27.  
b. Tarantella, Op. 43.  
c. Valse brillante, Op. 42.  
Liszt: Rhapsodie Espagnole [les folles d'Espagne.—17th Century.—La Jota Aragonesa.—17th Century.]

To-morrow we are promised the appearance of Herr Capellmeister Ries, violinist, and Herr Brüll, pianist, both of them eminent artists, who will give, among others, Beethoven's Kreutzer Sonata. Concert follows here upon Concert, and all of them are of the highest order. M. R.

## Music Abroad.

LEIPZIG.—The report which lately went the round of all the musical papers, to the effect that Herr Ferdinand David intends resigning his post at the Gewandhaus Concerts and also at the Theatre, has one slight drawback: there is not a particle of truth in it.—The fourteenth Gewandhaus Concert commenced with a new composition, an overture, entitled: "Normannenfahrt," by Herr A. Dietrich. This was followed by a second novelty: "Morgenhymne," for male chorus and orchestra, from the same pen. Both were well received. Herr Oscar Beringer, from London, played Reinecke's Concerto in F sharp minor, and Carl Tausig's *Ungarische Zigeunerweisen*. Midle Klauwell sang with telling effect the air, "Frag' ich mein beklommen Herz," better known as "Una voce poco fa," from *Il Barbiere*. The concert wound up with Beethoven's Fourth Symphony.—A new three-act opera: *Der Erbe von Morley*, words and music by Herr Franz von Holstein, already favorably known as the composer of *Der Haidesschacht*, has just been produced at the Stadttheater. It went off exceedingly well, the author-composer being vociferously summoned to appear before the footlights on the first night. A great many competent judges, however, are not quite so ecstatic about the new opera as are Herr von Holstein's friends.

At the Sixteenth Gewandhaus Concert, Herr Hegar played Lindnar's Violoncello Concerto in E minor. Herr Jäger, from the Royal Operahouse, Dresden, sang an air from *Euryanthe*, and "Die Allmacht," by Schubert. Signor Alphonso Rendano played Bach's Prelude and Fugue in E minor, and pieces by Chopin and Mendelssohn. Signor Rendano is a pupil of Thalberg's, but received the finishing touches of his musical education at the Conservatory here. The purely orchestral pieces—Cherubini's overture to *Les Abencerages*, and Mendelssohn's Symphony in A minor.

BAYREUTH.—The 22nd of May, Wednesday in Whitsun week, is definitely fixed on for laying the foundation stone of the Wagner-Festival Stage-Play-Theatre, and Wagnerites from all parts are expected to be present at the ceremony. According to the plan at present adopted for the proceedings, it is the intention of Herr Richard Wagner to gather round him, on the occasion, all the musical celebrities of

Germany, and, profiting by their attendance, to make the great feature of the day a magnificent concert in the Operahouse here. If report may be credited, the Munich Academic Vocal Union, also, is to be invited. Herr Wagner himself will conduct the concert, or at least certain pieces. Of course the inhabitants of Bayreuth will do all in their power to entertain their guests, who are expected to be very numerous. Herr Wagner has purchased a plot of ground immediately adjoining the Hofgarten, and on it he means to have a private house for himself erected. This house is to resemble exactly his villa in Switzerland. It will be only one story high. There will be a colonnade in front, and a verandah running round the sides and back.

EDINBURGH. During the three days Festival of Orchestral Music last week, the following works were performed, several of them for the first time to a Scottish audience: Overtures, *Abencerages*, *Der Freischütz*, *Fidelio*, *Calm Sea and Prosperous Voyage*, *Im Hochland* (Gade), *Mirella*, and *Tannhäuser*; Symphonies: Mozart's in C (*Jupiter*), Beethoven's in F, No. 9, Schubert's (unfinished) in B minor; Pianoforte Concertos: Beethoven's No. 3 and Mendelssohn's No. 1; Rode's A minor Violin Concerto. Also Overture, Scherzo, and Finale, Schumann; Prelude to *Lohengrin*, and March, *Tannhäuser*, Wagner; Entr'acte, *König Manfred*, Reinecke; *Komarinskaja*, Glinka. Such a feast of orchestral music has seldom, if ever, been heard in the Scottish capital, and the efficiency of Mr. Hallé's Manchester orchestra is unanimously attested by all the Edinburgh papers, the execution of the above works being spoken of as in the highest degree satisfactory: *Mus. World*, Feb. 24.

## London.

The directors of the Oratorio concerts seem bent upon doing all that lies in their power to make popular Bach's *Passion* according to St. Matthew; and our notion is, that they are going the right way to work. About the value of the music—its lofty dignity, dramatic force, and intensely religious expression—there cannot be two opinions. In such a case it is only needful to go on performing it. Sooner or later the public will recognize the merit of which we speak, and the work will rank with the great sacred masterpieces already dear to English tastes. Of course there must be a loss at the beginning of such a process; but from this the managers of the Oratorio Concerts have not shrunk. Their reward is at hand, if they will persevere a little longer. The *Passion* was repeated in Exeter Hall, on Tuesday week, to a very large and, seemingly, appreciative audience, who had excellent reasons for satisfaction with the manner in which all concerned did their work. We do not remember hearing a more careful, or more judicious performance. The orchestra and chorus were admirable, and it would be hard to excel the refinement with which the numerous unaccompanied chorales were sung. As regards the soloists—Madame de Wilhorst, Miss Elton, Mr. Lloyd, Mr. Beale, and Herr Stockhausen—it will suffice to say that they emulated the chorus in care and zeal; Mr. Lloyd doing especially well with the arduous recitatives of the Evangelist. Mr. Docker was at the organ, Dr. Stainer accompanying the recitatives upon the pianoforte, and Mr. Barnby occupying the conductor's seat, a place for which he has very rapidly qualified himself.—March 2d

Madame Schumann gave the first of two pianoforte recitals in St. James Hall, on Thursday week. The programme, which was very interesting, contained Schubert's Sonata in A minor (Op. 42); Beethoven's Variations in C minor; a selection from Schumann's Kreisleriana; and his romance in C minor (Op. 111); a Gavotte by Gluck, and two of Mendelssohn's *Lieder ohne Worte*. The performance of so much music in such differing styles, was a severe task for a pianist who is no longer young. Madame Schumann, however, acquitted herself with sustained energy, and played from first to last after her best manner. How much the recital was enjoyed by the amateurs present may be imagined. Some vocal pieces were contributed by Madlle Anna Regan, the accompanist being Sir Julius Benedict.

MONDAY POPULAR. Mid-Lent warns us that these capital concerts are coming to a close. There remain, in fact, only two more—on the regular subscription nights—or four, including the ensuing Saturday afternoon recitals.

On Saturday, the 24th—the programme included Mendelssohn's favorite (stringed) quintet in B flat ("by desire") and Beethoven's beautiful pianoforte trio in E flat (Op. 70.) Herr Joachim led the quintet.

and Mme. Schumann was pianiste. She played for solos, her late husband's "Nachtstück," followed by the Intermezzo, and Scherzino, in they keys (respectively) of F, E flat minor, and B flat. Herr Joachim played Handel's sonata in A major, one of 12 "for a violin or a German flute," supposed to have been written for the Prince of Wales.

On Monday night, the eve of the Thanksgiving Day, the programme was as follows:—

Quintet in C major, Op. 29.....Beethoven.  
MM. Joachim, L. Ries, Strauss, Zerbini, and Piatti.

Song.  
Miss Edith Wynne.  
Andante and Variations, in E flat major, Op. 82, for  
Piano-forte alone.....Mendelssohn.  
Mme. Schumann.

Quartet, in A major, op. 26.....Brahms.  
[First performance at the Popular Concerts.]

Mme. Schumann, MM. Joachim, Strauss, and Piatti.  
Song,  
Miss Edith Wynne.

Quartet, in B flat, Op. 76, No. 4.....Haydn.  
MM. Joachim, L. Ries, Strauss, and Piatti.  
Conductor—Mr. Zerbini.

Madame Schumann played her solo (marked Op. 82 amongst the posthumous works) so much to the satisfaction of the audience that she was twice recalled. The second recall amounted to an *encore*. The *pièce de répétition*, (also one of Mendelssohn's) is known as the short "Prestissimo" movement in E minor.

The songs were highly successful. As a recognition of the forthcoming great day of national jubilee, the first part of the concert concluded with the "Thanksgiving" *adagio* from Beethoven's (posthumous) quartet in A minor (Op. 132), known as *canzona di ringraziamento*. This "song of thanksgiving" will hardly bear detachment from the body of the quartet; and the effect we cannot conscientiously describe as otherwise than heavy and lugubrious. Of course the intention cannot be too warmly commended; but the choice of subject was not, we opine, felicitous. Madame Schumann is to play the *Sonata appassionata* on Monday next.—*Standard*.

**THE LABOR OF A PIANIST.**—Of all the discoveries for which we are indebted to German professors, one just published by Professor Schmidt may claim to rank among the most singular. Hearing Herr Rubinstein play at a concert, he took it into his head to count the notes which that famous pianist had played by heart, and found them to amount to 62,990, fully justifying therefore an assertion previously made by the physiologist Hering, that a pianist's calling lays about the heaviest tax of any upon the memory. Herr Schmidt was, however, not satisfied with this enumeration. Applying Austrian *neukreutzers* as a dynamometer, he tested the pressure requisite to strike a key on Herr Rubinstein's piano, and found it to be equivalent to 24 *neukreutzers*, which is 2.15 ounces. The force exerted by the pianist in playing the 62,990 note piece he therefrom calculated to amount to nearly 94 1/2 cwt. Herr Schmidt then intruded into Herr von Bülow's room and tried his piano, which had a harder touch, but which no doubt Herr Rubinstein could have played on perfectly well. Here the pressure would have amounted to 118 1/10 cwt. The discovery may be of interest to pianists who are unaware how great an effort of muscle they go through in playing a piece, but surely it requires a German professor to draw such a lesson from a concert.—*Fall Mall Gazette*.

**THE KING'S CROWER.**—A London paper says of an ancient ridiculous usage in the Court of St. James: It is only right, at the commencement of Lent, to call Sir Charles Dilke's attention to the gratifying fact that the office of the King's Cock-crower has been abolished. The duty of this official was to crow the hour each night within the precincts of the palace during Lent, instead of calling it out like an ordinary watchman. The last instance on record of the cock-crower performing his duties was on the first Ash Wednesday after the ascension of the House of Hanover, when the unfortunate man got into sad trouble; for George II., then Prince of Wales, being disturbed at supper by the cock-crower entering the room and making an unpleasant noise to announce that it was "past ten o'clock," imagined that some insult was intended, and was with difficulty roused to understand that such was not the case. There is, however, reason to fear that the office existed for some time as a sinecure after its duties had ceased to be performed, for in Dehrett's Imperial Calendar for 1822 the "cock and cryer at Scotland yard" appears in the list of persons holding appointments in the Lord Steward's department of the royal household.

## Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, MARCH 23, 1872.

### Concerts.

**HARVARD MUSICAL ASSOCIATION.**—The programme of the ninth Symphony Concert was made up mainly of most noble music,—a great Symphony, a great Piano Concerto, a great Overture—works of genius all three—and for something lighter by way of variety and relaxation another Overture, heard for the first time, which is at least genial and pleasing, and by a composer worthy to be known.

Overture to Racine's "Athalie," Op. 74.....Mendelssohn.  
Piano-Forte Concerto, in A minor, Op. 54.....Schumann.  
Allegro affettuoso. Intermezzo [Andantino grazioso].  
Allegro vivace.  
Hugo Leonhard.

Overture: "Tausend und Eine Nacht" [Arabian Nights' Tales], Op. 139.....Taubert.  
Symphony, No. 2, in C major, Op. 61.....Schumann.  
Sostenuto assai; Allegro ma non troppo.—Scherzo.—  
Adagio espressivo—Allegro molto vivace.

Mendelssohn's Overture to *Athalie*, however familiar through pianoforte arrangements, or seemingly familiar through recurrence of its themes in choruses which have been sung in vocal clubs, had probably not been heard in Boston from an orchestra since it was first introduced here by the "Germanians" in December 1852. The solemn opening theme, with brass instruments, is grandly religious, and by its rich sonority and noble harmony awakens expectation which is not disappointed, either in the recurrence of this theme again and again with heightened interest, or in the gentler, plaintive character of the contrasted theme, or in the logical unfolding and completion of the composition into a symmetrical impressive whole. The rendering was very satisfactory, and the wonder was not uncommon among the audience why so grand and beautiful an Overture by Mendelssohn should have remained unknown to our younger generations of concert goers. Again the want of a player on the harp was felt in Boston; its arpeggios were represented on a grand piano.

If there be any great composer whose works have steadily, if slowly, gained a deep hold on the sympathies of the largest truly musical public in our city, it is Schumann. His one Pianoforte Concerto, in A minor, is not only one of his most perfect inspirations, worked out with a masterly completeness, but one of the most admirable and most delightful compositions in that form by whomsoever. Indeed we should hardly dare to claim a higher place for any other piano concerto, after we have excepted those in G and in E flat by Beethoven. Whenever it has been heard in these concerts, beginning five or six years back, it has proved profoundly interesting to a goodly number of the more appreciative; but now we think, at least after this last consummate interpretation by Mr. LEONHARD, the general voice spontaneously and warmly owns its charm. Never, before, perhaps, had a concerto involved the entire orchestra so deeply; here we cannot say that the pianist is "seconded" by the other instruments, for they are part and parcel of the whole, as indispensable as the piano. And their coöperation is no easy matter; each must put its whole soul and skill into the complex, harmonious work. For the most part the orchestra did so this time, and with capital effect; but there were one or two slips, which it is well that audiences generally do not perceive, if only the whole current of the performance be musical and spirited and clear. Mr. Leonhard was never more sure of himself in technique or in the brain and soul part of his work. He is an interpreter in the higher sense, when he has to do with musical creations of so high an order. In deed it is largely due to him that Schumann has this winter become so much better known among us. He almost surpassed himself in all the essential requirements of a perfect rendering. Through all its phases of expression, strong or subtle, all its perpetual variety of fresh springing fancies, the work came out one

clear, consistent, glowing whole. Mr. Leonhard excels in clear, significant phrasing; the important note always tells; no point is lost; in short, the meaning of the work, as well as of every phrase and modulation in it, comes out with unmistakable vitality. It is needless to tell with what breadth of style and certainty of purpose as of execution he interpreted the marvellously rich first movement; or how sense and soul were held enchanted by the poetic grace and delicacy of the *Intermezzo*. What most caused our wonder this time was the unflagging persistency and perfect evenness and clearness, with which the flying fingers thrived the subtle (seemingly endless) maze of florid melody in the Finale,—endless, but never once beginning to become less interesting. What finer musical experience than to hear such a composition speaking for itself without let or hindrance!

Taubert's pretty, fanciful and really genial little Overture, suggested by, and certainly in some degree suggestive of the Arabian Nights' Tales, was not there to be measured by the standard of a great work. A great work was not what was needed, seeing that one of the solidest, most formidable of great works was to follow, as another great work had preceded. Something light, without being trivial or vulgar, something fanciful and graceful, just for relief and recreation, was the thing. At the same time it was well to have something new, and well for once to give a specimen of so honored a composer as the chief Kapellmeister and Conductor of the Royal Sinfonie Soirées at Berlin for many years; one of the ripest and ablest musicians of the age, who has composed a very respectable opera of "Macbeth," instrumental and vocal works in all forms, but has shown most of real individual genius perhaps in his great variety of most poetic, sometimes exquisitely humorous children's songs.

There is something of the spirit of these latter in the Overture we have just heard. It has a local Oriental color, an "Eastern sing-song" pervading it; and it is full of pretty, dreamy fancies, ever returning to the old starting point,—a quaint figurative prelude of a few bars for a viola obligato. There is much charming, flickering play of color; beautiful solo bits for flute, horn and so forth, while consistent form is followed to the end. Too much of sketchy outline here and there, too many thin places in respect to instrumentation,—thinness not redeemed by contrapuntal subtlety—was the chief want felt.

The grandeur, the inexhaustible wealth and beauty of the great Schumann Symphony in C was appreciated by the great mass of the audience far more fully than it has ever been before. For indeed the whole work was superbly rendered. This Symphony is evidently a favorite with our Conductor, CARL ZERHAHN, and justly so; he seemed to make the orchestra all feel it with him, so that it all came out with life and power, enchainning every hearer. We have described this noble work so fully on former occasions of its performance, that we will not run the risk of here repeating an old story.

The tenth and final Concert, too late for notice now, took place last Thursday, with the following programme:

Overture: "Weihe des Hauses," in C, Op. 124, Beethoven; Piano Concerto in D minor, Mendelssohn, (Miss ANNA MEHLIG); Overture to "Lodoiska," Cherubini.—Piano Solo; "Etudes Symphoniques," Schumann; Heroic Symphony, Beethoven.

Mr. B. J. LANG'S CONCERTS, at the Globe. The charming little Theatre has been fuller each time. The programme (as printed) for the second Concert, Thursday afternoon, Feb. 29, was as follows:

Quartet in F minor, No. 7.....Beethoven.  
Allegro con brio.—Allegretto ma non troppo.—Allegro assai.

Four Nocturnes, op. 28.....Schumann.  
Grand Sonata in D major, op. 58.....Mendelssohn.  
(For Piano and Violoncello.)  
Allegro assai.—Allegretto scherzando.—Molto allegro e vivace.

Instead of the four Nocturnes, however, Mr. Lang played only the first,—so interesting in itself, so well



interpreted, that one could not be quite resigned to the withholding of its promised three companions. But he had inserted just before it (in compliance with many requests, as well as with an artist's wish to improve upon the former rendering as a whole), a repetition of the beautiful Concerto in B flat of Beethoven. And indeed the wish was realized; it did go better in the general coöperation of the string quartet, &c., which represented the orchestral accompaniment. And we confess, on further hearing, to have found the work more pregnant with meaning and more interesting than we were aware before. It was a choice feast, only to enjoy that one Concerto played so finely.

The Beethoven Quartet in F minor was wrongly set down as No. 7. It is No. 11, (Op. 95.) One which we do not remember to have heard the Mendelssohn Quintette Club play before; too dreamy, deep and mystical, too subtly woven to be understood at once, or even readily recalled after a single hearing; but very beautiful, inducing a mood of thought and feeling for which it were a blessing to exchange the every-day experience. So far as we could judge, it was very fairly rendered; but the theatre is not the place to hear such things to best advantage; the sound of the strings is greatly swallowed up and deadened by the surrounding scenery and spaces overhead; the tones lose their vitality and must be grasped and followed by an effort of the will and understanding. The Mendelssohn Sonata is a vital, very satisfying, large and generous creation, and was admirably played by Mr. LANG and Mr. WULF FRIES.

The programme of the third Concert, March 14, read thus:

Concerto for two violins. . . . . J. S. Bach.  
Theme and Variations. . . . . J. Bradley.  
For the Pianoforte, 4 hands.  
Etude in C sharp minor, op. 25. . . . . Chopin.  
Trio for Pianoforte, Violin and Violoncello in B flat major, op. 62. . . . . Rubinstein.  
Allegro.—Adagio.—Presto.—Allegro appassionato.

The smothering influence of the place, before alluded to, operated particularly as a damper on the right enjoyment of the Bach Concerto for two violins, which was nicely played by Messrs. SCHULTZ and MEISEL. The two quick movements (first and third), with tones so dwindled away and marrowless from that cause, doubtless appeared dry to many, in spite of much intrinsic beauty. The beautiful and tender *cantabile* of the slow middle movement, however, made a fine impression. The four-hand piece by Mr. BRADLEE, one of our most accomplished amateurs, indeed an earnest musician in a true and thorough sense, gave much pleasure. The theme is fresh and captivating, and the Variations are by no means commonplace; they are skilful, genial developments and transformations of the theme. The work of course had all fair treatment under the hands of Messrs. PERABO and LANG. And to the same competent interpreters we were indebted for a treat not promised in the programme, a four-hand outlining of the first movement of Rubinstein's "Ocean" Symphony, which we found full of poetry and beauty, largely laid out and elaborated with a master hand. The other movements are said to be not worthy of the first; yet one would fain hear and know that for himself. Perhaps an orchestra will some day give us the true opportunity.

Verily Rubinstein is in the ascendant! For the Trio (played *con amore* and with great life and spirit by Messrs. Lang, Schultz and Fries), charmed the audience, unfolding richer and richer as it went on. You feel the power of a creative and inventive mind throughout. There are strains of choral grandeur, in full rich chords, in the Adagio. The Scherzo (*Presto*) is laughingly bright and sportive, now and then running over with laughter, but never beyond the means of graceful recovery. And the Finale is full of well sustained fire. We cannot describe it, we lack the tenacious memory for that; we can only say that we enjoyed it with the rest, and shall be glad of another chance to know it better.

Chopin's Etude in C sharp minor (No. 7 of Op. 25), is one of the most profound and weighty of his slow and brooding movements. It opens with a musing violoncello-like *Cantabile* for the left hand, at first alone, then joined by a simpler companion melody in the upper part, with intermediate harmony, as still the musing, singing bass goes on, kindling into all sorts of subtle and impassioned figuration and embellishment. As a technical *étude* it presents great difficulties; but these the hearer was not allowed to think of, so fully was he made to feel the charm and meaning of the piece. That long upward and downward rushing scale passage (marked *fff*) of some sixty notes in the time of six quavers (still in the bass part) was given with magnificent and thrilling energy.

Next Thursday afternoon (March 28) we have the last of these pleasant occasions. Three works comprise the programme; viz: Bach's Concerto in D minor, for three pianos (Messrs. LANG, LEONHARD and PARKER); two movements of a Quintet in C by Vincent Lachner; third Piano Concerto (C minor) by Beethoven.

ORGAN CONCERTS. It was a real comfort to listen for an hour to some good organ music, after a long privation of that same. On Saturday noon, March 9, Mr. J. K. PAINE gave an "Organ Recital" on the great organ of the Boston Music Hall. (It was put down on the bills as the 208th Concert of the N. E. Conservatory of Music; when, we wonder, did the Organ cease to give concerts in its own name?)

Mr. Paine began with one of Bach's noblest Fugues, that in E minor, with the so-called "Wedge" theme; the eye must see it to know what that means:



This theme is magnificently developed into an exhaustive fugue, which is remarkably clear and easily followed for a work of so complex a character. The instrument was in worse order than we ever knew, frozen up by the March winds perhaps; but in spite of so great a drawback Mr. Paine gave a most satisfactory rendering of the work. Next he played the Adagio and Finale from one of those sweet, inward, heart-felt organ poems, the Trio Sonatas by the same inexhaustible and matchless Bach. It is the sweetest kind of rest to sit, alone or in a silent company, and listen to these thoughtful, tranquil, sincere conversations between three voices; for which the sweeter stops of the organ are selected. They sound so unpretending that an idle listener does not give them credit for the tithe of meaning and of beauty there is in them.

Mendelssohn's splendid Sonata in A, ending with the lovely *Andante tranquillo*, was the next piece, charmingly played and with judicious choice of stops. A thoughtful and truly organ-like improvisation held attention profitably for a few minutes, and the concert closed with Mr. Paine's learnedly wrought, effective "Concert piece" on the Austrian Hymn, a fragment of the melody being used to good advantage as a fugue theme for the finale.

We recall also with pleasure an organ concert given under the same auspices, two or three months ago, by Mr. DUDLEY BUCK, who, besides an interesting Sonata of his own in four movements (E flat), and some ingenious variations on a Scotch air, showing skill in the combinations of stops, also proved himself at home in the Bach school by a good rendering of the great *Passacaglia*. He also played a Rondo *Grazioso*, in a pleasing style, by Spohr.

THE MUSICAL SOIREE given by Mr. CHRISTIAN SUCKOW, the violinist, at Brackett's Hall yesterday afternoon was less successful than had been anticipated by those persons who knew the principal performer by reputation. The programme was entirely disarranged by the unavoidable tardiness of some of the artists, and by Mr. Sprague's temporary illness,—which did not prevent him, however, from taking part with Mr. Packard in a very neatly rendered duet from Verdi. The other pieces performed were, "My Heart's in the Highlands," sung with much expression by Mr. Packard; Beethoven's Trio for the piano, violin and violoncello, op. 70, No. 1, played by Mr. J. K. Paine, Mr. Schultz and Mr. Wulf Fries; and a no-

ble air by Handel, beautifully performed by Mr. Fries. Mr. Suckow's right arm was suffering from the effects of an accident, we understand, and on that account he was neither able to give the numbers assigned to him on the programme, nor to do himself justice in the rendering of what he undertook to play. "The Mocking Bird" with variations, an odd melange of Folk Songs, and another work of a similar character, scarcely furnish opportunity for a fresh artist to distinguish himself; but if we are to form any opinion at all concerning Mr. Suckow's skill from his performance of yesterday afternoon, we shall be obliged to conclude that his strong point is in the imitation of the singing, squeaking and twittering of birds and of the other interesting sounds in which the woods and mountains are prolific.

The above, from the *Advertiser* of Saturday last, about describes an occasion which was by no means uninteresting. Mr. Suckow plays a sort of violin peculiar to his native district in Norway, an instrument of great antiquity, having "twelve strings." That is, the usual four strings are supplemented by eight fine wire strings underneath, which vibrate in harmonics with the principal strings which alone come in contact with the bow. It bears resemblance to the *viol d'amour*; a soft, sweet tone is produced at the expense of the searching quality and power of the violin proper. It is good for the pretty sentimental tricks and imitations, the harmonic effects, &c., rather than for true classical violin playing. In all these things Mr. Suckow showed himself an adept; one might say, he played all sorts of flutes, flageolets, cornets, distant drums, hurdy-gurdies, cuckoos, nightingales, &c., &c.,—in short every instrument, except the violin. He is a man of genial, kindly aspect, and seems really to do these things *con amore* and with a certain sentiment of romance.

OF MR. PECK'S two excellent popular concerts, comprising Miss Kellogg, Miss Mehlig, and Mr. Santley for the last time, and of Miss Mehlig's two Piano Recitals at Brackett's Hall (the last this afternoon) we must speak next time.

"CLOUD PICTURES," by Francis H. Underwood. If any of our friends would read some charming stories, in which music plays a chief part, we commend to them this fascinating and elegant little volume, which appeared last Christmas. For the rest we simply say Amen to all that is said in the following notice from the *Gazette*:

This handsome book contains four stories, entitled respectively, "The Exile of von Adelstein's Soul," "Topankalon," "Herr Regenbogen's Concert," and "A Great Organ Prelude." The style is chaste and graceful, and there is a delicate vein of poetic fancy running through them that is both refined and tender. The first story is one of great power and originality, intensely dramatic, and admirably worked out. It is Hoffmannesque in style, but without that morbid repulsiveness that characterizes the tales of the great German romancer. "Topankalon" is an exquisitely delicate conception, charmingly elaborated and developed, and of high poetic merit. In fact, it is a prose poem, exhibiting rare imaginative qualities. Mr. Underwood is seen at his best in this production, in which the fascinations of style vie with the efforts of fancy for the mastery, and combine to create one of the most delightful of fantasies. "Herr Regenbogen's Concert" has appeared before, but is reprinted here with alterations. "The Great Organ Prelude" was written for *Dwight's Journal*, and is not the least pleasant of the pieces of which this volume is composed. The book, both in matter and in manner, cannot fail to add to its author's reputation. The elegant garb in which it appears is worthy of it, and this is the highest praise that can be bestowed. It is one of the handsomest specimens of typography of the season. The paper is fine, the type large and clear, the binding elegant, and the execution in general of the finest order. It is published by Lee & Shepard.

### New York Philharmonic.—Prof. F. L. Ritter's Second Symphony.

The *Tribune* of March 4, says:

Prof. Ritter's Symphony is a new work, and this was its first performance. It is a musical illustration of Byron's "Sardanapalus;" or to speak more correctly it is supposed to have been suggested by the reading of the tragedy, and the spirit of its different movements corresponds with the frame of mind inspired by the poem. It is in no sense what is called "programme music," and Prof. Ritter remembers the great truth which so many lose sight of, that the function of music is not to imitate but to suggest, and that a composition which must be interpreted by an elaborate verbal description is music of a base and imperfect order. Without expecting us, therefore, to follow in his symphony the action of the drama, he has taken certain passages as texts, so to speak, and built upon them an Allegretto moderato corresponding to the picture of the great king as he "lolls crowned with roses," a Scherzo, symbolical of the royal revels, an Andante suggested by *Myrrha's* soliloquy, and an

*Allegro con spirito*, in which we catch the furious spirit of the final catastrophe. The orchestra under Mr. Bergmann gave a careful and refined interpretation of this work, and the impression produced by it was highly pleasing. If we say that it shows Prof. Ritter to have been a reverent and intelligent student of Beethoven, we do not mean to imply that he has borrowed anything from the great master except a method of treating his own ideas: and of course he could not have looked to a better model. The style of the first movement seems to us particularly good. It is simple, fluent, and forcible. With a single long drawn note (the poet's "woe—woe to the unrivaled city!") it passes at once into the charming *Scherzo allegretto*. The *Andante* is plaintive and sombre. In the final *Allegretto* the composer has given a somewhat freer rein to his fancy, and made a little approach toward the exuberance of the modern school, but he never becomes either coarse or fantastic. The whole symphony is characterized by a sort of composure which indicates a writer sure of his resources and master of all his instruments. The scoring is solid and rich, without being showy, and abounds in beautiful touches. We doubt whether such a work would captivate the multitude, but it will earn the respect of connoisseurs and increase the reputation which Prof. Ritter already enjoys as one of the most accomplished and scholarly of our resident composers.

The orchestral pieces in the second part were well played—the Overture better than the Symphonic Poem; and for once we can give hearty praise to all the solos. We never heard Mr. Remmert sing so well before; while Miss Mehlig's performance of the lovely Schumann concerto was simply delicious.

The pieces announced for the Fifth concert are Beethoven's Heroic symphony, Bargiel's "Prometheus" overture, and Mendelssohn's "Fingal's Cave." Mr. Bergner is to be the solo player.

The *Weekly Review* says of the new Symphony.

Prof. Ritter employs the wealth at his command with a free and liberal, but not a lavish or wasteful hand. His moderation shows sound judgment and judicious taste, if not some self-denial, for it is easy to perceive that he is a thorough master of instrumentation and all the highly colored appliances of the modern school.

The first movement of Mr. Ritter's Symphony, *Allegro moderato*, in E minor, 3-4 time, commences with a dash of austerity, which outburst gives way readily to a bright, clear, luxurious representation of jovial revel and enjoyment, full of sensuous elegance and attraction. This view closes with a severe warning blast and prescient wail of woe, and the next movement succeeds, without break, *Scherzo allegretto*, E major, in 6-8 time, which carries out the glimpse of the royal reveller's spirit in the first movement with heightened effect; at first in a defiant strain, and finally in a softened and voluptuous mood, with a very successful endeavor to fix the sparks of beauty's heavenly ray, which gives a pearly lustre to the composer's melting and flowing rhythm.

After an interval of rest here a majestic *andante* in A minor, 2-4 time, depicts an introspective and saddened spirit such as we may well suppose to have actuated the beautiful Greek slave, Myrrha, who despised her bonds, and yet loved her enamored lord and possessor. The pensive humiliation breathed by the movement become soon charged with Greek fire and devotion, and by a masterly modulation, *piu mosso*, leads gracefully without interval, to the final movement, *Allegro con Spirito*, returning to E minor, 4-4 which dashes into the martial vein, and draws freely upon the instrumental resources of the art. The coloring here is bold, rich, decided and striking, and even when the clamor of the conflict seems to have subsided the lofty strain of kingly daring is still maintained and the hues and harmonies deepen and swell with the indomitable magnanimity of death-defying heroism, till the fatal and sublime climax is reached, and, leaving their mortal ashes a prey to the flames kindled by their own hand, the two immortal spirits soar from earth on the wings of love to their eternal home.

Such is the outline of the instrumental drama, and its inarticulate thoughts and language are intelligibly and eloquently conveyed.

The Symphony is remarkable for clearness and symmetry. It does not attempt to dive into the unfathomable, and yet its meaning is profound and replete with infinite suggestion. The means employed are all legitimate and yet novel, fresh and individual. We felt it is true the impress of preceding great masters on the work, as we see Shakespeare in Milton, and both in Byron, but that advancement on the progress of others does not affect the originality of the production, which judging from a first hearing, and first impressions are often the most generally correct, stamps the composer as a writer of genius.

Prof. Ritter's Symphony finds another warm welcome in Mr. Jerome Hopkins's queer *Orpheonist and Philharmonic Journal*, from which we quote:

As years advance we confess to greater lenience in judgment of new musical works, which lack a decided originality, so long as they unfold other beauties of almost every description, such as clearness, nobility of conception, carefully-weighed correlation of parts, effective instrumentation, absence of affectation, healthy poetic sentiment, breadth of treatment, and a sufficient adherence to the rules of form to betray the scholiast without exposing the cloven foot of the pedant, just enough in fact to make the cultivated listener feel comfortable, to reassure him that he is not wasting his time, and to start the glittering tear of sympathy with the composer, no matter who he may be.

The symphony opens with three chords in A minor, followed by a *sotto voce* passage of modulations prior to the entrance upon the tonic E minor, the key of the work. The movements are (1) *Allegretto moderato*, (2) *Scherzo Allegretto*, (3) *Andante* and (4) *Allegro furioso*. This last title possesses a slight flavor of romanticism which we do not like, but *n'importe*.

There is a splendid sequence in the first movement when the brass instruments come in, which alone would save any symphony. To be sure this reminds one a little of the brazen dissonance on the interval of the second in Schumann's number 4, but only in the fact of its being brass and being a sequence, in other respects it is an original thought nobly handled. The first and second movements are connected by a short harmonic progression, ended with one long note, which introduces the charming *Scherzo* in E major, in 3-8 time, and in which the alternation of the graceful theme by the wood instruments and violins is skillfully wrought out. The audience took a genuine delight in this movement, the finale of which is a fine specimen of melodic inversions. The interest was kept up throughout the whole.

The *Andante* in A minor pleased us least, because the beauty of the commencement is not sustained, nor does it seem to possess that oneness traditionally associated with the movement. It is broken into in a ruthless style, by an heroic *alla marcia* obtrusion, for which we could find no justification and in which there seemed less attractiveness. But we may be mistaken, and possibly a second hearing would cause us to alter our opinion. We thought we detected a reminiscence of Beethoven's number 7 in this movement.

The *Allegro furioso* also possesses a Schumannesque introduction, and we cannot tell why it should be so. This is an open question to be sure, and there is perhaps, no reason why short introductions should not be allowed to symphonic movements unless because they are comersome, and are not always harmonically in taste. Our principal objection, however, is that they destroy the feeling of completeness of each movement and cause a symphony to resemble a huge overture, thus denying to the audience their few moments of rest where it is needed, where applause is expected, and where it ought to come in. Thus, in a measure, the chances of success of the work are lessened by forcing the listeners to become fatigued before its culmination.

This movement, although to us the least interesting, yet seems to have greater labor expended upon it than any of the others. It abounds in counterpoint imitation, fuguetta, inversions and augmentations, which are lavished without stint, but all without relieving the listener from a feeling of oppression. When just before the finale the composer adopts what contrapuntists call "an harmonic march" (and a rather transparent one too) for a peroration, we confess we are a little disappointed. If we do not mistake, Mendelssohn has a similar "come down" at the end of his *Meeres-stille* overture, where the simple diatonic scale is unduly exalted, but the effect upon us has always been one of dissatisfaction.

With these slight blemishes—added to which we would point out a passage of unnecessary consecutive fifths just after the brazen sequences before mentioned, in the first movement—this symphony of Mr. Ritter's is a truly grand and masterly work, and is one to which repeated hearings can give greater charm. We think that, so far as we have had ears to hear, it is by all odds the greatest work of the kind yet composed in this country.

Its best features are undoubtedly counterpoint, harmonic dispersions and sequential writing. Its greatest weakness, we think, consists of want of strong contrasts, dearth of salient motives—excepting in the *Scherzo*—and lack of boldness of conception. The instrumentation is throughout a great advance over that in Mr. Ritter's first symphony, and excepting a certain high A in the trumpets—which Berlioz would have called "hazardous,"—it seemed to us irreproachable and, in certain passages, rarely sonorous.

## Special Notices.

### DESCRIPTIVE LIST OF THE LATEST MUSIC, Published by Oliver Ditson & Co.

#### Vocal, with Piano Accompaniment.

- Come with me. (Vieni Meco. 3. C to G. Campana. 40  
For Soprano and Alto, or Soprano and Bass.  
"Waves are sleeping, and roses are dreaming."  
An elegant duet, and quite easy.
- Kiss and make up. Song and Chorus. 3. F to f. Smith. 30  
"Oh, forget the harsh word spoken,  
Kiss and make it up, my sweet!"  
Very pretty. May belong to the "complete lover's library" which is to be, (perhaps), by means of which musical courtships, flirtations, "pops," tiffs and reconciliations may be gone through with without a single word spoken.
- My own true love to my Dying Day. 3. D minor to f. Malloy. 40  
"Back, ah! come back. Ah! well away.  
But my own true love comes not any day."  
As first heard, it classes itself with the lulling minor aires which Bridget croons over the cradle of the household pet. But it grows on one, and is really a very delicate and beautiful Irish ballad.
- Golden Slumbers. 4 part song. 3. C to e. Cummings. 35  
"Golden slumbers kiss your eyes,  
Smiles awake you when you rise.  
Rock them! Lullaby."  
Of the quality of a fine English glee.
- Of thee. 3. F to f. Sargent. 30  
"The sounds of toll are hushed, love,  
And the slumbering world is still."  
A very graceful ballad.
- Unspoken Love. 3. C to d. Sainton-Dolby. 40  
"I was too proud the truth to show,  
And so we parted long ago."  
Fine concert song. Illustrated title.
- O, weep not that I leave the shore. (The Veteran's Son). 3. Eb to f. Fehr. 35  
A good patriotic ballad.
- Well-a-day. 4. Ab to e. Randegger. 50  
"Love should be true,  
Should be true as the star."  
Magnificent. Beautiful lithograph portrait of Miss Addie Ryan, who includes this among her popular concert songs.

#### Instrumental.

- Polka des Montagnards. (Bauer Polka. 3. G. Egghard. 60  
Properly "Polka of the Peasants" or "Rustic Polka," and introduces the bizarre melodies suitable for a German country jollification, in a skilful manner.
- Souvenir de Mignon. 5. D. Hess. 60  
A few of the favorites of the new opera. The "Priere," the "Styrienne," the "Berceuse," and elegant changes and variations.
- Kaiserstadt Waltz. (Emperor City). 3. E. Abt. 65  
A kind of military air in the form of a waltz, composed in honor of Berlin and the Emperor. Very good.
- Fleur-de-lis. Caprice Impromptu. 4. G. C. Gottschalk. 50  
Very original and piquant.
- Jolly Sisters Galop. 3. F. Zikoff. 40  
It is no easy thing to write a galop that is not just like all other galops. But Mr. Z. has done it, and made a pretty thing.
- Ruth Waltz. 3. C. Willing. 30  
Very spirited and new. Those who are willing to try it, will play it many times after.
- Valse Caprice. 5. Eb. Rubinstein. 1.00  
Fine Lithograph portrait of the great player. Excellent music, and not at all out of the reach of ordinary players.
- La Penseroso. Song without words. 2. Ab. Howard, arr'd by Wilson. 25  
Easy, but very good.
- Prima Donna of a Night. Lanciers. 3. Pratt. 35  
Jolly Brothers. " 3. " 30  
Two well-arranged sets, melodies partly from Offenbach.

#### Books.

- THE CULPRIT FAT. Cantata for Female Voices. J. L. Ensign. 1.00  
All who are familiar with Joseph Rodman Drake's gem of a poem, the perfection of delicacy and sweetness, will only require that the accompanying music shall also be sweet and melodious. This music is so. Probably one of the prettiest things that can be desired for practice in Ladies' Seminaries.

ABBREVIATIONS.—Degrees of difficulty are marked from 1 to 7. The key is marked with a capital letter, as C, B flat, &c. A small Roman letter marks the highest note, if on the staff, an italic letter the highest note, if above the staff.



